

HUMPHY

"HUMPHY!"

Thrilling Rescue of a Bicycle Girl Who Hadn't Learned How to Stop.

The shades of night were getting in their work, and the peace of a righteous community was filtering through the atmosphere. Brown and Jones were enjoying their last cigars and conversing on stocks. There is nothing frivolous or flighty about Brown and Jones.

Suddenly there came a swirl of feminine skirts, a flurry of a bicycle, and through the darkness a shrill wail faltered, "Oh, won't you please help me?" Then a bicycle at full tilt sped across the street crossing, and Brown and Jones stared at each other aghast.

"O-o-o-o!" half cried the voice of the disappearing rider.

"What is the matter does she want help about?" gasped Jones.

"She wasn't tipping over!" cried Brown.

"Her wheel was all right!"

"No one was pursuing!"

"Help!" floated back to the crossing.

With one wild gush of alarm, two cigars were flung to destruction, and two reputable citizens went spinning down Lake avenue.

Never since their college days have Jones and Brown made a running record like the one credited to that night's performance, with a movable goal for an object. One block, two blocks, 2 1/2 blocks, and then the fleeing wheel with its sobbing rider came in view.

With an extraordinary spurt Brown and Jones caught up, grabbed the handle bars and stopped the wild progress of the modern Flying Dutchman.

"What?" began Jones. "How?"

gasped Brown, who was stout and unpleasantly conscious of something ridiculous in the whole proceeding.

"Oh," quavered the feminine rider, who was not young and not fair, "oh, how can I ever thank you? Oh, my goodness, what a scare! I can ride, you know—just learned—but I can't turn round, and I can't mount, and I can't stop my wheel, and I was getting farther away from home every minute, and, oh, dear, what would I have done if?"

Jones coughed. In her excitement the distressed lady was reposing against his shirt front. It was a fresh shirt front, and her act disturbed him.

"Shall we get you started for home?" queried Brown, who always had presence of mind.

"Oh, if you would," said the distressed lady, and then the two reputable citizens put her on her wheel, turned it around, pushed her half a block and saw her disappear in the darkness, leaving a trail of inarticulate gasps, thanks, protest and exclamations in her wake.

Silence fell over Lake avenue. Brown and Jones stuffed their handkerchiefs into their collars and looked at each other meditatively. Suddenly Brown went into convulsions. He grabbed Jones' arm.

"How," he stuttered, "how, I say, is that fool woman going to stop when she does get home?"

Then they sat down on the curbstone to recover and incidentally to calculate whether the woman who hadn't learned how to make the wheel stop going round would eventually reach the north pole or be drowned in Lake Superior.

"And yet," Brown says scornfully when he tells the adventure, "yet some misguided mortals claim that women have sense enough to vote and decide the fate of the nation. Humph!"

The way he says "humph" makes the hearer wince right away—if the hearer is a woman.—Chicago News.

The Woes of Carvers.

The blunders of carvers are historic. One of the most amusing specimens chiefly concerns a spruce young lawyer who led a blushing damsel as a bride from her rural home and returned with her to the hospitable mansion of her father-in-law to enjoy the Christmas festival. He was called on to carve.

The turkey was overdone and was somewhat tough withal. The spruce young lawyer struggled with it, but the bird wouldn't yield. An atrocious padding stood beside the turkey and was in the lawyer's way.

Finally he took up the padding dish and placed it in his chair behind him and then renewed his attack on the turkey with redoubled vigor. His face was red with effort and embarrassment, his glasses streamed with perspiration, but still he struggled. At last he made a tremendous effort and succeeded—in launching the imperious bird onto the other side of the table.

"There," he said in despair, "now I've done it"—and sat down in the pudding.—Tit-Bits.

Exonerated.

"Harry, you have taken the largest peach. You should remember that Dodge is the eldest."

"That's not my fault."—Judy.

Natural History.

"She has become quite a butterfly of fashion," said one girl.

"Positively dawning," replied the other.

"And yet her father started as a small corner grocer."

"Yes. You know we learned at school that it takes the grub to make the butterfly."—Washington Star.

Wasn't Up on Cows.

It is said to be a true story of an English clergyman that on his appointment to a country living he went about from house to house asking why the good wives did not go to church on Sunday afternoons. "Milking the cows" was the universal answer. On Sunday morning, therefore, he spoke his mind. "I have been round the parish," he said, "and find you all make the same excuse. Now, I have only one thing to request, and that is that you milk your cows the last thing on Saturday night and the first thing on Monday morning."—Youth's Companion.

A Stuntster.



L'Enfant Terrible—Can you move your brain, auntie?

Her Aunt—No, dear, of course not.

L'Enfant Terrible—Then how do you change your mind?—Pick Me Up.

The Deadly Favorite.

Macallister Mellhenny's soul for the instant was as if a silver sunbeam had fallen upon it.

The girl who had been frowning on him had smiled.

It was a smile that lighted the world in the beginning.

Macallister Mellhenny had bet his salary two weeks in advance on the favorite, and that brute had won last place by a tail, heels down, and it was the season when ice cream and strawberries were ripe.

When the girl smiled, Macallister Mellhenny took hope.

"Your smile is the loveliest thing in the world," he murmured soft and low.

"Yes," she responded, smiling again.

"Yes," he whispered, reaching for her lily white hand, "and I wish you would smile on me always."

"But I can't," and again that seraphic smile.

He gazed upon her appealingly, still reaching for her hand.

"And why not?" he asked, oh, so anxiously.

"Because," she said, very gently, "I'm engaged to smile on Mr. Wood this evening, who is to take me to the ice cream parlors to participate in a feast of luscious strawberries."

Once more she smiled, but it was ashes in the mouth of Macallister Mellhenny, and he went and tore his hair, for the bulk of his bet was to go to that hated Wood, and this was how he was spending it.—Detroit Free Press.

A Name For Every Bee In The Hive.

The "smart" city boy has countless wonderful stories to tell to his country cousin when he goes to the farm for a part of the summer. The city may not be a good place for him to stay in the warm weather, but it is a good place to brag about. City Boy got caught, however, when he had pumped Country Boy full of yarns about marvelous things in the metropolis.

"Well, I know," said Country Boy, with an angelic look on his freckled face, "but my uncle over to Cross Roads beats 'em all. He's got 20 hives of bees, and he's got a name for every bee."

City Boy jeered; but Country Boy stuck to his yarn stubbornly until City Boy, seeing a chance to get a big story to tell in the city, was convinced.

"Well," he said, "tell me some of the names. What does he call some of them?"

"Bees," said Country Boy, his face as expressionless as a freckled four sack, "just bees. He calls 'em all bees."

—New York Tribune.

In Inverse Ratio.

Mr. de Koltay (as his wife makes her appearance dressed for a ball)—You are the most inconsistent woman I ever knew.

Mrs. de Koltay—What is the matter now?

Mr. de Koltay—The less you put on the longer it takes you to do it.—New York World.

The Hot Season.

All oozes now desert the air And leaves miasma microbes there, The heat with men to spineless lumps And leaves them in the doleful dumps. It slowly turns, from hour to hour, Our milk of human kindness sour, And on the brain such strains it wrought That it can hold no thought— It's hot!

The healthy man it frisks away To dull, devitalized decay. It boils his brain beyond control And cracks the channel off his soul. "All flesh is grass," the Scriptures say, It takes this grass and makes it hay. We wish to sit in just one spot And cherish but one single thought— It's hot!

Man is too weak to work or play, And far too impious to pray. It is an all sufficient labor For him to sit and watch his neighbor To watch his neighbor dig and delve— But he's too weak to work himself. He loves to sit in one lone spot, With this one solitary thought— It's hot!

It's hot, and labor is a crime, We'll wait and sit till dinner time, And then we'll wait another spell Until we hear the supper bell. All other work is out the question Except the labor of digestion. With work we'll not be overrout, And we will cherish but one thought— It's hot!

—New York World.

THE RIVER BRETHREN.

Odd of Garb and Strange of Custom, Yet Successful Farmers. (Special Correspondence.)

ARLENE, Kan., May 31.—It is characteristic of the quaint people called "River Brethren," or, more properly, Brethren in Christ, that they should hold their international conference on the prairies of Kansas. Of their 5,000 members a fifth have made a success on the plains, and their methods have been an object lesson that ought to appeal to every western settler. Odd of garb and strange of custom are they, but they know the secret of success—industry and economy.

From the time of their expulsion from Switzerland in 1750 to 1879 they toiled among the hills of Pennsylvania. Then one day they resolved to emigrate. Spies like those of old were sent out and reported well, and the train from the east a few days thereafter set down here 300 of them fully equipped for beginning the business of life under new conditions. A trainload of freight followed, and it was said by the Lancaster papers that the members of the colony had \$500,000 in cash in their pockets. Their first act on arriving was to hold an outdoor prayer meeting.

Of course they succeeded. They plowed deep and sowed carefully. They gave their time and efforts to making agriculture a business. They take no interest in politics and seldom vote. The political meeting has no attractions for them, and they go to town not to discuss the tariff, but to market big wagon loads of produce.

In dress there is a veritable Quaker simplicity. The men wear tight buttoned black or drab coats, wide brimmed black hats, part their hair in the middle and wear full beards. The women's gowns never change fashion and are always without ruffle or dounce, and such a thing as gold or silver ornament is a sacrilege indeed. They ride in square covered, hardselle rockaways, but the horses that draw them are big and fat and valuable. The houses they live in are plain and the furnishings far from luxurious, but the barns are big and red.

The Great Rock Island Route Will Run a Special Chair Car Without Charge for the Passengers.

This special through chair car will leave Topeka at 3:30 p. m. on Thursday, July 5, and join the official train, which leaves Chicago via the Baltimore & Ohio railroad at 2:30 p. m. July 6.

There is no official route west of Chicago.

Prof. W. H. Olin will personally conduct this party through to Asbury park. The special on the Baltimore & Ohio railroad will stop two hours at Pittsburg to visit the Carnegie iron works. It will stop at various points in the mountains, and at Cumberland, Md. Will stop two hours at Harper's Ferry and arrive in Washington, D. C., Saturday evening and remain there until Tuesday morning, leaving after breakfast and arrive in Asbury park for dinner.

Rates one fare, plus \$2, for the round trip.

Tickets on sale July 5, 6 and 7, with return limit as long as any other line offers, either publicly or privately.

For Christian Endeavor meeting, tickets will be sold July 8, 9 and 10, at one fare for the round trip.

Tickets to both Asbury park and Cleveland sold to any person.

We are in it to stay and mean business with a big B. We offer you the best track, the best train service and the best time.

Call upon any agent of the Great Rock Island system for additional information, sleeping car or chair car reservation, etc.

H. O. GARVEY, City Ticket and Passenger Agent, 601 Kansas avenue, Topeka, Kan.

TURF TOPICS.

The pacer Laura T., 2:09 3/4, was last year a bay, but is now a strawberry roan.

The total number of horses and mules possessed by the British army is about 27,000.

The 2:20 and 2:14 classes for pacers failed to fill for the Pacific summer meeting.

Winteret, Ia., has a street a mile long that has been set apart for speeding purposes.

At Mystic park the experiment of timing by a dial plate has been an immense success.

A vicious horse at Black River Falls, Wis., bit a young man, and the latter died of hydrophobia.

Challenge Chief, 2:16 the champion stallion of Oregon, will be campaigned through the grand circuit this season.

The State Fair association of Kansas will hold its annual meeting at Wichita Oct. 2 to 6, and \$8,000 will be disbursed in stakes and prizes.

At Narragansett park, where public betting is not allowed, immense fields have faced the starter, and the daily attendance is enormous.

A gilded shoe, worn by H. B. Winship, 2:06, with running mate, in his great flight against time, is nailed heels up in the office at the Mystic House.

During the Revolution General Lafayette rode from his headquarters in Rhode Island to Boston—almost 70 miles—in seven hours, and immediately made the return journey in 6 1/2 hours.—Horseman.

A Grand Feature Of Hood's Sarsaparilla is that while it purifies the blood and sends it coursing through the veins full of richness and health, it also imparts new life and vigor to every function of the body. Hence the expression so often heard: "Hood's Sarsaparilla made a new person of me." It overcomes that tired feeling so common now.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, perfectly harmless, always reliable and beneficial.

Cleveland, Ohio, and Return—Tickets Sold July 8, 9, 10.

The Santa Fe has arranged to extend the time limit on their round trip tickets to Cleveland, Ohio, until September 15. See Rowley Bros. for particulars.

Read the "Wants." Many of them are as interesting as news items. See if it is not so.

The Daily State Journal prints all the news.

American Steam Laundry, 112 West 7th street, tele. 341.

THE BLUE FRONT SHOE STORE are preparing to move to their new store room, 312 North Kansas Ave., about the 15th. We do not want to move any more goods than we can possibly help. See what the cash will do for the next ten days at the

REMOVAL SALE!

BLUE FRONT SHOE STORE, 820 North Kansas Ave.

CRITTENDEN & DANIELSON.

Kansas Dental Parlors

715 KANSAS AVENUE.

This office is operated by the most skillful dental surgeons in America.

Sets of Teeth \$7

Crown and Bridge Work, per tooth, \$5.

Gold Fillings, Teeth Extracted without Pain, \$25.

Other Fillings, 50c up.

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